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## Schumann on Mendelssohn.

[Scattered through the four volumes of Robert Schumann's collected writings about music and musicians, are various brief reviews and notices of works by MENDELSSOHN, soon after their first publication, which appeared in the *Leipziger Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. They are interesting as showing the fresh impression made by the works of one great composer upon the mind of another, who was fast rising into prominence. Especially is their pervading tone of sincere, cordial admiration worthy of notice, in connection with the charge of "jealousy" of Mendelssohn's great fame so often brought against him by the Anti-Schumannites of London. (See article from the *Musical World*, copied in this Journal, April 17.) For this and other reasons we have thought these bits of criticism worth translating. We give herewith a few of them, and shall continue them hereafter.—Ed.]

### OP. 56. SYMPHONY ("ITALIAN,") IN A MAJOR.

The Symphony by Mendelssohn Bartholdy has been most eagerly expected by all who have thus far followed with a sympathetic interest the shining path of this rare star. They looked forward to it as in some sense his first achievement in the symphonic field; for what was actually his first Symphony, in C minor, falls almost within the artist's earliest period of youth; his second (the "Scotch," in A minor), which he wrote for the Philharmonic Society in London, has not yet been made known through the press (1843); and finally the Symphony-Cantata, *Lobgesang*, cannot be regarded as a pure instrumental work. Thus in the rich wreath of his creations there was only wanting (with the exception of the Opera) the Symphony: in all other kinds he had already shown himself fruitful.

We know it by third hand, that the beginnings of the new Symphony date back to an earlier period, that of Mendelssohn's sojourn in Rome; it was resumed and finished only very recently. This is certainly interesting to know, in estimating its quite singular character. As when from some old book laid aside we suddenly pull out a yellowed leaf, which reminds us of a vanished time, that now comes up again in all its brightness, until we forget the present, so may fair recollections have played around the imagination of the master, when he found once more in his papers melodies once sung in beautiful Italy, so that, consciously or unconsciously, at last sprang up this gentle tone-picture, which, like the description of the Italian journey in Jean Paul's "Titan," can make one for a while forget his sorrow that he has not seen that blessed land. For that the whole Symphony is pervaded by a peculiar peoples's-tone, has many times been said; only a wholly unimaginative man can fail to mark this. It is its peculiarly charming color, then, that secures to this Symphony of Mendelssohn, as well as to that of Franz Schubert, an especial place in symphonic literature. The traditional instrumental pathos, the usual massive breadth you do not find in it,—nothing that looks like bidding against Beethoven; it comes much nearer, and especially in character, to that one by Schubert, with the distinction that, whereas the latter intimates to us a wild and gipsy sort of people's life, Mendelssohn's transports us to beneath Italian skies. And this is equivalent to saying, that a more graceful, polished manner dwells in the new work,

while to Schubert's on the other hand, we must accord other excellencies, especially that of a richer power of invention.

In its ground-plan the Symphony of Mendelssohn is distinguished by the internal connection of all its four movements; even the melodic conduct of the main theme is a kindred one in all the four; one will discover this on the first hasty comparison. Thus more than any other Symphony it forms a closely involved whole; character, key, rhythm, vary but little in the different movements. The composer himself too wishes, as he says in a prefatory remark, that the four movements should be played one after another without long interruption.

As to the purely musical part of the composition, no one can doubt that it is masterly. In beauty and delicacy of structure, as a whole and in the connecting members singly, it takes a place beside his overtures; nor is it less rich in charming instrumental effects. How finely M. knows how to reproduce an earlier thought, and to adorn a repetition, so that the old shall meet us as it were newly transfigured; how rich and interesting the detail, without any overloading or Philister-ish pedantry of learning,—of this every page of the score gives us new proofs.

The effect of the Symphony upon the public will depend in part upon the greater or less virtuosity of the orchestra. This to be sure is always the case, but doubly so here, where there is less question of masses, than of refined delicacy of single instruments. Above all it requires gentle *blowers*. The Scherzo is most irresistible in its effect; a more genial one has scarcely been written in recent times; the instruments talk in it like men.

The piano-forte arrangement is by the composer himself, and certainly the truest transcript that could be conceived of. Still it gives you an idea of only half the charm of the orchestral effects.

The conclusion of the whole Symphony will call forth contradictory opinions; many will expect it in the character of the last movement, whereas he, rounding the whole off as if in a circle, reminds us of the commencement of the first. We find it only poetic; it is like the evening corresponding to a lovely morning.

### OP. 30. SIX SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

(SECOND SET.)

Who has not in some twilight hour sat at the Clavier (a Fluegel seems too grand and courtly) and in the midst of his *phantasien* sung to it unconsciously a soft melody? Now should one chance to bind the accompaniment with the melody in the hands alone, especially were he a Mendelssohn, there would result the most beautiful Songs without Words. It would be still easier, were one to compose a text, then strike away the words and so give it to the world—although that is not just the right thing, but a kind of deception,—one might by this means test the power of music to express feelings, and give an opportunity to the poet, whose words have been suppressed, to

put a new text to the composition of his own song. Should the new words chime with the old, it would be one more proof in favor of the certainty of musical expression.

But to our Songs! Clear as sun-light is the face with which they meet you. The first, in beauty and purity of feeling, comes very near the one in E major in the first set; only there it gushes more immediately from the first spring. Florestan said: "Whoever has sung such, may yet expect long life, both in this world and after death; I think, to me it is the most dear of all." The second Song suggests to me the "Hunter's Evening Song (*Jägers Abendlied*) of Goethe: *Im Felde schleich' ich still und wild, &c.*; in delicate and airy structure it reaches that of the poet. The third seems to be less significant, and almost like a roundelay in one of Lafontaine's family scenes; still it is real unadulterated wine, that passes round the table, if it is not the heaviest and rarest. The fourth I find extremely lovely; a little sad and introverted, but hope and home speak in the distance. \*\*\* The next has something undecided in its character, even in the form and rhythm, and its effect is corresponding. The last, a Venetian Barcarole, softly and gently concludes the whole. And thus shall you enjoy anew the gifts of this noble spirit!

### TRIO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN AND 'CELLO.

This is the master Trio of the present day, as those of Beethoven in B flat and D, and that of Schubert in E flat, were of their day. A truly beautiful composition, which will delight our children and our children's children years to come. The storm of these last years is beginning gradually to subside, and, we confess, has cast up many a pearl upon the shore. Mendelssohn, although less driven by it than the rest, still remains a son of the time, and has had to struggle, has had to hear continually the prating of some narrow writers, about how "the period of full bloom in Music lies behind us," and has summoned up his energies, so that we well may say: he is the Mozart of the nineteenth century, the most luminous musician, who sees the clearest through the contradictions of the age, and is the first to reconcile them. And he will not be the last artist either. After Mozart came a Beethoven; upon the new Mozart a new Beethoven will follow; perhaps indeed he is already born.

What shall I say about this Trio, which every one, who has heard it, has not said already? Happiest they, who have heard it played by the creator himself! For though there may be bolder virtuosos, it is scarcely possible that any other can reproduce the works of Mendelssohn with such enchanting freshness as himself. Yet let this not deter any one from also playing the Trio; it has in fact, compared with others, Schubert's Trio for example, fewer difficulties; although these in works of Art of the first rank are always in proportion to the effect, increasing as that increases. That the Trio is not one for pianists only, that others too may take it up with spirit, and find

their pleasure and reward in it, needs hardly to be said. Let the new work exert its influence, then, on all sides, as it must, and be to us a new proof of the artistic energy of its creator, which now seems to stand at almost its height of bloom.

OP. 35. PRELUDES AND FUGUES FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

A hot-brained fellow (he is now in Paris) defined the idea of a Fugue pretty much as follows: "It is a piece of music, in which one part starts off before the others — (*fuga* from *fugere*) — and the hearer before all;" for which reason he himself, whenever fugues occurred in concerts, would begin to talk aloud and not unfrequently to jeer at them. In fact, though, he understood little of the matter and resembled very much the fox in the fable; that is, he could not make a fugue himself, much as he secretly desired it. How differently indeed it is defined by those who can! by cantors, finished students of music, &c. According to these "Beethoven never wrote, and never could write a fugue; and even Bach himself took liberties, at which one can but shrug his shoulders; Marpurg alone gives the best introduction," and so on.

Finally, how differently think others — I for instance, who can revel hours together in the fugues of Beethoven, of Bach and Handel, and who have therefore always maintained that, with the exception of watery, luke-warm, miserable, patch-work affairs, there was no one any longer who could write fugues in our day, until at last I was somewhat silenced by these fugues of Mendelssohn. But ordinary writers of fugues by rule and pattern will deceive themselves if they expect to find applied here certain of their excellent old arts, their *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem*, or their *canticantes motu contrario*, &c. And equally deceived will be the romantic high-fliers, if they hope to find here phœnixes undreamed of, soaring from the ashes of an antique form. But if these persons have a sense for sound and natural music, they will get it in these fugues. I will not indulge in blind praise, and I know well enough, that Bach has made, in fact created fugues of quite another sort. But were he to rise now from his grave, he would — at first perhaps storm away both right and left over the state of music in general; but then too he would certainly rejoice, that there are yet individuals who at least pluck flowers in the field, where he has planted such gigantic oak forests.

In a word, these Fugues have much that is Sebastianic, and might deceive the most sharp-sighted critic, were it not for the melody, the finer blending, by which you recognize the modern period, and here and there those little touches, so peculiar to Mendelssohn, and which betray him among hundreds as the author. Whether the reviewers find it so or not, it is certain that the composer wrote them not for pastime, but to direct the attention of piano-players once more to that old master form, to accustom them again to it. That he chose the right means for this, in that he avoided all those unhappy, good-for-nothing artifices and *imitationes*, and gave more prominence to the melodic element, the *cantilena*, while still holding fast to the Bach form, looks altogether like him. But whether this form might not perhaps be altered to advantage, without thereby losing the, essential character of the

Fugue, is a question, at whose answer many a one will yet try his hand. Already Beethoven tugged at it somewhat; but he had occupation enough of another sort, and was too loftily engaged in building out the cupolas of so many other domes, to find time for laying the corner stone of a new Fugue edifice. Reicha also made the attempt; but evidently his creative power fell short of his good intention; yet his often curious ideas are not to be entirely overlooked. At all events that always is the best fugue, which the public takes — for some sort of a Strauss waltz; in other words, in which the artificial root-work is covered up, like that of a flower, so that we only see the flower. Thus it once actually happened that a man, who otherwise was not a bad connoisseur in music, took one of Bach's fugues for an *Etude* of Chopin, to the honor of both; and so might many a maiden take the last part of, say the second of these Mendelssohn fugues (in the first part she might be puzzled by the entrance of the voices) to be a song without words, and in the grace and softness of the forms forget the ceremonial place where, and the abhorred name under which it had been put before her. In short, there are not only Fugues, which are wrought out with the head and according to the receipt, but there are Fugues which are musical pieces, sprung from the soul and executed in poetic fashion. But as the Fugue affords an equally happy organ both for the dignified, and for the bright and merry, this collection contains some too in that short, rapid style, in which Bach flung forth so many with a master hand. Every one will find them out; these especially reveal the facile, genial artist, who plays with his chains as with flowery garlands.

A few words of the Preludes. Perhaps the most of them, like many to be sure of Bach's, stand in no original connection with the Fugues, and seem to have been prefixed to them afterwards. The majority of players will prefer them to the Fugues, since their effect is complete, even when they are played separately; the first especially seizes you at the outset and hurries you along with it to the conclusion. The rest one may examine for himself. The work speaks for itself, even without the name of the composer.

Mendelssohn.

From the New York Musical World.

MENDELSSOHN was a man of small frame, delicate and fragile-looking; yet possessing that distinguishing peculiarity of the Hebrew race — a sinewy elasticity and a power of endurance which you would hardly suppose possible. His head appeared to have been set upon the wrong shoulders — it seemed, in a certain sense, to contradict his body. Not that the head was disproportionately large; but its striking nobility was a standing reproof to the pedestal on which it rested. His eye possessed a peculiarity, which has been ascribed to the eye of Sir Walter Scott — a ray of light seemed often to proceed from its pupil to your own, as from a star. But yet, in the eyes of Mendelssohn there was none of that rapt dreaminess, so often seen among men of genius in Art. The gaze was rather external than internal — the eye had more outwardness than inwardness of expression. Indeed this corresponded very much with the character of Mendelssohn; who, although an inward man, was also an outward one — and although a great artist, was also something of a courtier and diplomatist. In his gait, Mendelssohn was somewhat loose and shambling; he had a flinging motion of the limbs and a supple-jointedness, which, coupled with other little peculiarities of carriage, determined

him — according to popular German tradition — as of Oriental origin. But this listlessness of bearing seemed to disappear entirely the moment he sat down to a piano-forte, or organ, and came into artistic action. Then, like a full-blooded Arabian courser, he showed his points — you had before you a noble creature. All awkwardness disappeared: he was Mendelssohn — and no longer a son of Mendel.

Mendelssohn married into a Gentile family — that of a wealthy banker of Frankfort. The lady of his love was as beautiful as she was high-bred and refined. She bore him children of remarkable personal charms. One boy, particularly, I was never weary of gazing at, for his extreme comeliness. He had his father's eye and his mother's elegance and grace of figure. I used to watch father and son, as hand in hand they sauntered around the charming gardens of Frankfort, and silently applauded the father of such a son — the son of such a father.

Mendelssohn was too much a celebrity to be suffered to rest long in one place, and he became very much a citizen of the world and a traveller. But from all his wanderings, his steps seemed to return oftener to Frankfort, the home of his wife. Here on his arrival, he was frequently serenaded by the Liederkrantz of the city. The house he occupied was on the bank of the river Main; and beneath his windows — illumined by colored transparencies, or the light of a summer moon — the minstrels were wont to gather. Then were poured forth, from hundreds of manly throats, those tones of welcome, or those songs of Fatherland (chief among which were Mendelssohn's own compositions) that thrilled to their very depths the souls of the listeners. Mendelssohn usually stood at the window above, waving his thanks or addressing his friends. I shall never forget one serenade which was given him from the smooth breast of the river. Starting some distance up the stream, at a point from which the music was but faintly audible, the serenaders floated down in their barges, bearing beautiful colored transparencies, disappearing for a moment beneath the lofty arches of the bridge which spans the river, and then picturesquely reappearing, the music now swelling grandly as they neared the house and wafting to the ears of the master those profound, smooth harmonies which only a German chorus, aided by the softening effect of tone passing over water, is capable of producing.

On occasion of such visits to Frankfort, Mendelssohn was often persuaded by his friends to gratify them by his organ-playing. He generally selected for this purpose the organ in St. Catherine's church — a quaint old edifice on the Zeil — although the organ in St. Paul's is a far larger and better one; this advantage being counterbalanced, however, by the structure of the edifice, which, handsome to the eye (the same, by the way, in which the celebrated German Parliament was held during the revolution), was offensive to the ear, by reason of its bewildering echoes.

I once heard Mendelssohn in St. Catherine's, when he performed in company with Adolphe Hesse — the celebrated organist of Breslau, and pupil of Rink. On this, as on other occasions, Mendelssohn played mostly Bach, for whom, of all the old masters, his reverence seemed deepest. It is mentioned as quite a triumph of Mendelssohn's critical acumen, that he discovered a positive, downright, consecutive fifth in Bach, which had been lying *perdu* ever since the death of the old master, unobserved of any of those who had so sedulously and critically studied him.

The *Cäcilien Verein* of Frankfort — a kind of N. Y. Harmonic Society, or Mendelssohn Union — was one of his favorite places of resort. After the rehearsal, he would occasionally play for his friends; sometimes giving them a sonata of Beethoven — and always by heart. The *allegros* and *prestos* of these sonatas were dashing and brilliantly executed, his high-strung nervous organization seeming to exult in a conquest of whatever mechanical difficulties they might present. He bounded rejoicingly on, like a courser put upon his mettle; but, amid all the heat of the course, he never forgot a certain significant interpretation



of the music—an intelligent and, in some respects, peculiar phrasing of the text. Even the musically uninitiated can understand that a difference in the collocation of notes might produce a marked difference in the significance of music—the effect being the same as, in literature, a change of punctuation; or, in rhetorical delivery, a difference in the breathing places, or pauses. Beethoven's *allegros* were better rendered by Mendelssohn than by any one else I ever had the fortune to hear.

The *andantes*, or more emotional movements, were, to my own ear, less satisfactory, from a certain classic polish and—if I may so express it—half reserve of style. Perhaps Mendelssohn felt, as others have felt, that in the matter of feeling, Beethoven had been somewhat overdone. Like persons who would seek deeper significance than really exists in the child-like simplicities of sacred text, so artists, in their morbidly intense manner of rendering the master, had fallen into affected depths of pathos. I would not do Mendelssohn the wrong, however, of representing him as really lacking in feeling. The heart was there; but it was the heart seen through a polite conventionalism of amber—like the insect, perfectly recognizable, but not too exposed to the common view and the touch.

Mendelssohn would occasionally extemporize, also, for his friends of the *Cäcilien Verein*. His improvisation was highly imaginative and masterly. The theme was usually wrought upon in counterpoint style, with occasional dashes into a brilliant *freie fantasia*. The *Cäcilien Verein*, by the way, gave annual performances of oratorio appropriate to the season, similar to those given in New York. On Good Friday, Bach's sublime oratorio of *The Passion* was always sung. Why has this masterpiece never been produced here? It ought to be as regularly and religiously given as the *Messiah*. If we celebrate the birth of the Messiah, we should also celebrate his death. I was once seated next Mendelssohn when the *Verein* was rehearsing Bach's works. He seemed entirely absorbed in the music—a silent movement, only, drawing attention now and then to the wonderful harmonic effects produced by the intertwining of such a mass of independent melodies. The last chord of this master-piece, uttered to the word *Ruhe* (rest), seems to drop the soul, like a weary child from the arms of its nurse, into a profound slumber, from which it would never more be awakened.

Mendelssohn's influence in Leipzig upon the scholars of the Conservatory was always very salutary. He was in the habit of breaking in upon the usual routine of study and opening new vistas upon them of the world of music. When accidentally present during an exercise, he would sometimes assume the task of teaching himself, and, with crayon in hand, give some invaluable hint in the treatment of orchestral instruments, or elicit knowledge from the pupils themselves, by asking them to accompany a given passage with horns or other less obvious instruments; thus breaking in upon the ordinary routine of the day. This letting in of a little fresh air upon the mind, in teaching, is an excellent device, the uses of which Mendelssohn seemed well to understand.

There existed, at this period in Leipzig, a club of amateur ladies and gentlemen who met to sing part-songs. Mendelssohn and Hauptmann both contributed largely to the compositions used on such occasions. Hauptmann, whose name is not as familiar as it should be on this side of the water, is *Cantor of the Thomas Schule of Leipzig*—a post originally filled by grand old Sebastian Bach himself. This school is a kind of seminary for young men mostly intended for the ministry, and all of whom receive a musical education; they rendering, by express stipulation, musical services in the churches during this scholastic period. Once a week they perform motets in the St. Thomas Church adjoining the seminary, sometimes accompanied by orchestra. It is a very ancient and admirable institution. At the time the office of *Cantor* was vacated by the death of the previous incumbent, both Mendelssohn and Hauptmann were candidates for the position; and I have been told that Mendelssohn felt, some-

what, his non-appointment to an office which he would really have liked to fill. Hauptmann, however, is admirably qualified for the position.

The last I ever saw of Mendelssohn was during the summer alluded to in a late article on Freiligrath, in the Taunus mountains, at the small spas Soden and Kronthal. Notwithstanding his great pre-occupation, partly with his own genius and musical productiveness; partly with his engagements to visit England or to conduct great festivals; partly to receive the incessant individual homage offered him, which he was not always able to parry, he was ever ready to see and serve, if he could, a true student of Art. Like all great masters, however, he had a holy aversion to mere dabbles in Art and those who were but in the A B C of progress. And what could he do for such? The schoolmaster was what they needed—not the finished artist; their time for the latter had not come. And this, let me passingly say, is the great mistake our countrymen are constantly making who go abroad to study musical art. They go before they are ready to go. The preliminary schoolmaster is neglected. The scholastic part of Art can at the present day be as well pursued in this country as in any part of Europe. Our artists should not go abroad to learn their A B C's. It is an expensive way of learning the alphabet,—both as to time and money. Let them learn all they can here, first—and by "all" I mean harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation; they might then profitably go abroad to exercise themselves in composition, and to hear music. In a word, let them learn the science of music at home—but pursue the Art under the guidance of a great master, if they will, abroad. Most celebrated men in Art are accessible in this way. They are willing to give one lesson, in the sense of examining compositions—but not in the sense of teaching the first rudiments of the Art. Nor let our Art-students think that the Conservatories of Music are the only desirable thing. They are desirable for those whose means are limited—they are the common schools of Art. But Hauptmann himself once told me, that—Professor as he was in the Leipzig Conservatory—he was glad that he was not put through a Conservatory course. The idea being, that, in Art, it is not always well to shape a mind by the square and compass; but it is better to adapt the course to the individual mind, in order not to interfere with its originality, or check its independent development. Mendelssohn would, and did, examine and advise, in case compositions were submitted to him, and his suggestions and his counsel were as invaluable as they were ever readily rendered.

A singular circumstance, to me, at this time, was the approbation which he expressed of certain *Æthiopian* melodies—some of those earliest in use in America—which his friend Hoffmann von Fallersleben had persuaded me one day to put on paper for him, in order that he might write a series of songs to them for German emigrants to America. Hoffmann—much to my astonishment and chagrin—submitted these one day to the classic eyes of Mendelssohn:—an act of innocent audacity of which it seemed to me none but a poet, ignorant of musical valuations, and certainly never a musician, would ever have been guilty. We often undervalue trifles, however, and Mendelssohn's opinion of these little bagatelles (like that, subsequently, of other German masters) taught me quite a lesson as to an over-fastidiousness in Art-matters, and a too dignified standard of judgment.

R. S. W.

### The Garcias and Da Ponte.

[From an Address before the New York Historical Society, Nov. 17, 1867, by Dr. J. W. FRANCIS.]

Were my individual feelings to be consulted, (says Dr. Francis), I would fain dwell at some length on the introduction of the Garcia Italian Opera troupe in this city, as an historical occurrence in intellectual progress of permanent interest. It was destined to create new feelings, to awaken new sentiments in the circle of refined and social life, and its mission, I believe, is accomplished. The opera, whatever may be the disputes touching its origin, was known to be the offspring of genius. It had universal approval as an exalted mental recreation to recommend it; its

novelty here secured prompt attention to its claims, and its troupe of artists who honored us with their *entrées* were considered the recognized professors of the highest order in the art. It captivated the eye, it charmed the ear, it awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart. It paralyzed all further eulogiums on the casual song-singer heretofore interspersed in the English comedy, and rendered the popular airs of the drama which had possession of the feelings, the lifeless materials of childish ignorance. Something, perhaps, was to be ascribed to fashionable emotion, for this immediate popular ascendancy. For this advantageous accession to the resources of mental gratification, we were indebted to the taste and refinement of Dominick Lynch, the liberality of the manager of the Park Theatre, Stephen Price, and the distinguished reputation of the Venetian, Lorenzo Da Ponte. Lynch, a native of New York, was the acknowledged head of the fashionable and festive board, a gentleman of the *ton*, and a melodist of great powers and of exquisite taste; he had long striven to enhance the character of our music; he was the master of English song, but he felt, from his close cultivation of music, and his knowledge of the genius of his countrymen, that much was wanting, and that more could be accomplished, and he sought out, while in Europe, an Italian troupe, which his persuasive eloquence, and the liberal spirit of Price, led to embark for our shores, where they arrived in November, 1825. The old Italian poet and composer of the libretto of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," the associate of Mozart, was here in this city to greet them, and on the night of the 29th of October, 1825, at the Park Theatre, we listened to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," of the matchless Rossini.

More was realized by the immense multitude who filled the house than had been anticipated, and the opera ended with a universal shout of *bravo, bravissimo*. The city reverberated the acclamations. The indomitable energy of Garcia, aided by his melodious strains and his exhaustless powers—the bewitching talents of his daughter, the Signorina Garcia, with her artistic faculties as an actress, and her flights of inspiration, the novelty of her conception and her captivating person—proved that a galaxy of genius in a novel vocation unknown to the New World demanded now its patronage. To these primary personages, as making up the roll, were added Angriani, whose base seemed as the peal of the noted organ at Haerlem; Rosich, a *buffo* of great resources; Crevelly, a promising *debutante*; the younger Garcia, with Signora Garcia, and Madam Barbieri, with her capacious tenor, (?) constituting a musical phalanx which neither London nor Paris could surpass, nay, at that time could not equal. From the moment that first night's entertainment closed, I looked upon the songs of Phillips, (which had made Coleman, the editor, music-mad,) the melodies of Moore, and even the ballads of Scotland, as shorn of their popularity, and even now I think myself not much in error in holding to the same opinion. The Italian opera is an elaboration of many thoughts, of intelligence extensive and various; while it assimilates itself by its harmonious construction and entirety, it becomes effective by external impression and rational combination. It blends instruction with delight; if it does not make heroes, it at least leads captive the noblest attributes of humanity; and, had a larger forethought and wiser government watched over its destinies, it might still exist, in its attractive displays, as a permanent institution in this enlightened and liberal metropolis.

I must add a few words on that great maestro, Garcia. It is true, that his vast reputation is secured for the future by his biographer; he was a successful teacher, a composer of many operas, and his merits as a performer are fresh in the recollections of the operatic world; but it is sometimes profitable to cast a backward glance over what we have lost. He was a native of Seville, reared in Spanish music, and, in fulfilling his part in that role with enthusiasm, was summoned in 1809 to Paris, where he was the first Spanish musician that appeared in that capital. Garat, on hearing him, exclaimed: "The Andalusian purity of the man makes me all alive." Prince Murat chose him as first tenor of his own chapel in 1812, at Naples. Catalani obtained him for his first tenor, 1816, in Paris. Here Rossini saw him, and arranged affairs so that he appeared in the "Barber of Seville," of which he was the original representative. He visited England in 1817, where his wonderful powers were still higher extolled, from his Othello and his Don Juan. In Paris, our New York friend, Lynch, found him, and proffered inducements for him to visit America. Here his combined qualities as singer and actor have never been equalled; his Othello, for force, just discrimination, and expression, astounding the beholder, and filling the house with raptures. His career in Mexico followed; and, sad to relate, while on his return to Vera Cruz, he was beset by banditti, stripped of his clothing, and plundered of his one

thousand ounces of gold, (about seventeen thousand dollars of our money), the results of his severe earnings. Penniless, he finally reached Paris, to resume his professional labors. His spirits failed him not, but his musical powers were on the wane, and, being the first to detect the decline of his great talents, and too honest to pass a counterfeit note, he left the operatic boards, and died June 2, 1832, aged fifty-eight.

From the sixth year of his age, and through life, Garcia was the arbiter of his own fortunes. He may be pronounced the restorer of Mozart, and the promulgator of Rossini's matchless works. His daughter, afterwards Madame Malibran, eclipsed even the talents of her father; and her abilities are still a popular topic of conversation. She had the rare gift of possessing the *contralto* and the *soprano*. Her ardor, both as actress and as singer, exhibited almost a frantic enthusiasm. Animated by the lofty consciousness of genius, the novelty of her conceptions, her vivid pictures, her inexhaustible spirits, had, in no predecessor in her calling, ever been equalled. She had no Farnelli for an instructor, but the tremendous energy, not to say severity, of her father, brought out the faculties of her voice to the wonder of all who heard her. She may be said to have been consumed by the fire of her own genius. Her "Una Voce," and other airs, reached the highest point of instrumentation, according to the opinion of the most astute judges. She has been followed by no imitator, because none could approach her. Recently, with Alboni and Jenny Lind, we have had a partial echo of her. Perhaps her ravishing person served to swell the tide of public approbation of her ravishing voice. She enchanted eyes and ears. Her earlier (not her earliest) efforts were first appreciated at the Park Theatre, and the predictions there uttered of her ultimate victories, were fully verified on her return to England. So far American appreciation did honor to the then state of musical culture with the New Yorkers.

In my medical capacity I became well acquainted with the Garcia troupe. They possessed good constitutions, and took little physic. But what I would aim at in the few remarks I have yet to make, is, to show that those who are not artists little know the toil demanded for eminent success in the musical world. Some twelve or sixteen hours' daily labor may secure a medical man from want in this city of great expenses and moderate fees; more than that time may earnestly be devoted for many years to secure the fame of a great opera singer. It seemed to me that the troupe were never idle. They had not crossed the Atlantic twenty-four hours ere they were at their notes and their instruments; and when we add their public labors at the theatre, more than half of the twenty-four hours were consumed in their pursuit. A President of the United States or a Lord Chancellor methinks might be easier reared than a Malibran. I dismiss all allusion to nature's gifts and peculiar aptitudes. It is assumed that brains are demanded in all intellectual business. The simplicity of life, and the prescribed temperance of these musical people, was another lesson taught me. How many things are attended to lest the voice may suffer! A taste of claret, a glass of lemonade, *eau sucrée*, were all the drinks tolerated, and scarcely a particle of animal food until the opera was over, when, at midnight, a comfortable supper refreshed their exhausted spirits, and gave repose to their limbs. The youth who aims at distinction in physic, in law, or in divinity, and who is at all cursed with indolence, might profit by studying the lives of these masters in song, as the naturalist philosophizes with the habits of the bee.

Many of this assembly, and particularly the ladies who now grace this audience, must well remember their old teacher, Signor Lorenzo Da Ponte, so long a professor of Italian literature in Columbia College, the stately nonagenarian whose white locks so richly ornamented his classical front and his graceful and elegant person. He falls within the compass of this imperfect address from his "lonely conspicuity," for the taste he cherished and the industry he displayed in the cultivation of Italian letters—more than two thousand scholars having been initiated in the language of Italy by him; and he is still more interwoven with our theme by his enthusiastic efforts to establish the Italian opera with us. He was upwards of sixty years of age upon his arrival in America, but enjoyed sturdy manhood. His credentials to consideration challenged the esteem of the philosopher, the poet, and the man of letters. His long and eventful life deserves an ample record. His own "Memoirs" in part supply our wants, and the sketch of his life by one of the members of our Historical Society, Samuel Ward, is a grateful tribute to his character, from the pen of an accomplished scholar and competent judge of his peculiar merits. I enjoyed the acquaintance of Da Ponte some twenty years. Kelly, in his reminiscences, has given us some idea of his early personal appearance, and his

fanciful costume at the London opera. But his glory and inward consolation had not been attained until the Garcia troupe triumphed at New York, as erst at Vienna, in "Don Giovanni." The language of Italy and her music were deeply rooted in his heart. It was a day of lofty thought for the old patriarch, says his American biographer, when came among us Garcia, with his lovely daughter, then in the morning of her renown; Rosich, the inimitable *buffo*; Angrisani, with his tomb note; and Madame Barbieri, all led by our lamented Almagiva, (Dominick Lynch, Esq.) I must refer to the able articles on the introduction of the opera, written by a philosophical critic in the "New York Review and Athenaeum Magazine," for December, 1825. They constitute a record of the social progress of this city that cannot be overlooked. Da Ponte died in New York in August, 1838, at ninety years. His remains were followed to the grave by many of our most distinguished citizens, among whom were the venerable Clement C. Moore, the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Pietro Maroncelli, the fellow-prisoner of Sylvio Pellico, etc. That his long life created no wasting infirmity of mind, was shown in a striking manner by his publication of a portion of the poet Hillhouse's "Hada," not long before his final illness, and which he beautifully rendered in Italian with scholastic fidelity. The day before his death he honored me with a series of verses in his native tongue, partly, I concluded, in token of gratitude, and partly to evince to his friends that, though speech had nigh left him, his mind was still entire. He died firm in the Catholic faith, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Second Avenue.

Vicissitudes had made Da Ponte a great observer of life. His intimate associations with Mozart, the countenance and encouragement he received from Joseph II., his acquaintance with Metastasio, the lyric poet and writer of operas and dramas in Italy,\* are prominent among the events of his earlier career, at which time he established his reputation as a melodramatist. It was easy to perceive, after a short interview with him, that his capacious intellect was filled with bookish wisdom. He had recitals at command for the diversion of society in which he chanced to be. He loved his beautiful Italy, and was prolific in praise of her authors. He extolled Caldani and Scarpa, and had many charming stories concerning the great illustrator of sound and morbid anatomy, Morgagni. Da Ponte attended the last course of instruction imparted by that pre-eminent philosopher, who had then been professor some sixty years. On that memorable occasion, when Morgagni was to meet his class for the last time, he summoned his *cara sposa*, Signora Morgagni, a lady of noble family, and his surviving children, some ten out of fifteen whom she had blessed him with, and, forming with them a group around his person, he pronounced a benediction on the University and on his class, and then appealed to his venerable wife for the fidelity of his domestic life, and to his children as the tokens of her love and affection. He was now in his ninetieth year. Da Ponte said he was never more in earnest, never more powerful, never more eloquent. Padua then lost the brightest teacher of anatomical knowledge the world possessed, and the University a name in its possession high above all others, which commanded the admiration of the cultivators of real science wherever the dignity and utility of medicine was appreciated. I am aware I have trespassed beyond my proper limits in this notice, but it was difficult to do otherwise. Perhaps at this very day, casting a look over the many schools of medicine established in this land, there is not an individual oftener mentioned in the courses of practical instruction, on certain branches, than Morgagni, though now dead more than two generations. I wished to draw a moral from the story, cheering to the devoted student in his severe toils to qualify him for medical responsibility. Morgagni, besides great professional acquisitions, was a master of elegant literature, an antiquarian of research, a proficient in historical lore. The learned associations of every order in Europe enrolled him as a member. His numerous writings, full of original discoveries, are compressed in five huge folios, and are consulted as a treasury of established facts on a thousand subjects. To his responsible duties, involving life and death, he superadded for more than sixty years, his University teachings, and died at ninety with his mental faculties entire. How was the miracle wrought! In the pressure of herculean labors, if *enemi* ever dared to approach, an Italian lyric of Metastasio was all-sufficient for relief. By proper frugality he secured property; by a regular life he preserved health; by system and devotion he secured his immortal renown.

Thus much may suffice as an historical record of the introduction of the Italian Opera in New York, and, consequently in the United States.

\* Metastasio came to Vienna in 1729, 20 years before Da Ponte was born. He died there in 1782.

## An Impressive Funeral.

From the Home Journal.

The funeral of Mrs. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (wife of the Editor of the *Musical World*), which took place on Sunday, the eleventh instant, at the Episcopal Church in Twenty-ninth Street, was, and from many combining circumstances, unusually impressive. Residing opposite the vicarage, and directing the music of the church, Mr. Willis with his family held almost the same relation to its sacred associations as the family of the pastor. The funeral was separate from the usual service of the afternoon; but, as the body was borne across the street, and received at the entrance with the playing of a solemn dirge and with the reciting of the initiatory passage of the burial ceremony, the two naves of the beautiful structure were densely crowded with friends and mourners. The coffin was deposited before the chancel, and then commenced the singing of one of the most affectingly beautiful chants it has ever been our privilege to hear. It was composed by Mr. Willis on the occasion of the death of the mother of the clergyman who was now to perform the service, and had been sung before, only on that one occasion. But, in addition to this touching interest, it was sung by one who was a personal friend of the deceased, and who, as a singer of sacred music, is probably without an equal. Julia Bodesteyn's voice, coming, as it always seems to do, through tears, was intensified, in the singing of this chant, to a weeping agony of sweetness almost supernatural. To the unutterable grief of the mourner it seemed, for that moment, to reach and lend an utterance! The rapt and tearful singer sang with her heart as well as with her wonderful skill, and there was a spell in it, it is not too much to say, which might well make the Angel of Death look back with sorrow on his victim.

Dr. HOUGHTON, the clergyman, departed from his usual custom by coming forward to the railing of the chancel and introducing the service with a brief address over the body. The young mother who lay before him had been one of the purest and loveliest of his flock. She was one of those rare completeness of character for whom their share of happiness in this world seems just enough. In the last hour of her life she expressed her thanks to God, that, as a wife and a mother, she had been as entirely blest as she could conceive it possible to be. Simple from her exceeding purity, beautiful in person and of manners made most winning by her utter unconsciousness and disinterestedness, she was too natural to seem to the common eye the exception that she really was. And, to these qualities alluding delicately, Mr. Houghton paid full tribute to the dead as one of the children of his flock. It was an address of subdued and touching tenderness, and marked throughout with exceeding judgment and good taste.

The service over and the handful of earth thrown upon the coffin, the body was borne to the hearse, attended by the wardens of the church as pall-bearers; and the funeral procession then went upon its way to Greenwood. Mrs. Willis was there laid in the family vault of her father, Mr. Carnes. She leaves three children, the youngest of whom is but three weeks old—a puerperal fever, consequent upon its birth, having been the occasion of her most sudden and unexpected death.

## The Encore Nuisance.

(From Punch.)

Certainly in one respect, at any rate, we agree with a contemporary that the new St. James's Hall has been

"—most promisingly opened, and the occasion gave betokenment and sign of a new era in our musical entertainments."

The respect which we refer to is that on the night of the Inauguration Concert the programme was gone through without there being an encore. As far as our experience enables us to judge, this fact is unparalleled in concerts now-a-days; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the opening of the Hall deserves a special mention in our world-read columns. A performance of such promise reflects a like credit upon all who took a part in it, whether vocally or instrumentally, or indeed auricularly. The audience did their parts as well as band and singers, and the result was a success beyond the wildest hopes of the well-wishers of the hall. To inaugurate a concert-room without suffering an encore is an achievement such as even the most sanguine would have hardly dared to dream of; and every one of those who had a hand or voice or ear in it, we heartily congratulate upon the triumph they have won.

Encores are not solely matters of bad taste. They result from greediness more even than from ignorance. People have a tendency to try and get as much as they are able for their money, and are espe-



cially delighted if they can manage to get something more than what they've paid for. Your shop-huntress is charmed with half-an-ounce of over-weight, or an inch or two of ribbon more than has been charged her; and persons who contrive to swindle an encore are gratified by thinking that they've got a something given in, and are apt to pride themselves upon their sharpness in so doing. Now it may do these people good to take this ill conceit out of them; and the best cure for their cheating is to show their fancied sharpness only proves them to be flats. It may be assumed that the getters up of concerts know pretty well the money's worth of what they have to offer; and make allowance in their estimates for the chance of being asked to give a trifle over-measure. Caterers of music, in drawing up their programmes, reckon the encores as a part of the performance, and so shorten their selection, in order to make room for them. They have to pay their *artistes* for a fixed amount of work, and of course must keep the quantity within the stipulated limits.

Herr Splittskull, is engaged to sing four songs per night, and as he's sure to be encored, he is announced to sing two only. Herr Splittskull knows the current value of his notes, and of course will not part with them without their aureous equivalent. He is not a whit more likely to give a song in *gratis*, than a pastry-cook would be to let the buyer of a Bath-bun take another without paying for it. In persisting therefore to encore the Herr, the public in reality gains worse than nothing. It gets two songs sung twice over, instead of four distinct and fresh ones. It thinks to cheat the Herr, whilst in fact it cheats itself, getting two stale buns and paying for two new ones; and the verdict we should bring in would be, served it right.

We perfectly agree with our contemporary aforesaid that—

"Mr. Owen Jones has shown both taste and skill in the internal decoration; and the St. James's Hall may be pronounced by far the most complete and highly ornamented concert-room in London."

Nevertheless, as there is nothing which Punch could not improve, if allowed to take his way with it, we think if Mr. Owen Jones had consulted us beforehand, we could have suggested an amendment in the way of decoration which might have pleased the audience as well as the spectators. We should have proposed that on the walls and ceiling of the hall, and especially conspicuous upon the orchestra and organ, the words should be enrolled—

"NO ENCORES ALLOWED."

All caterers of concerts should take this as their motto, and emblazon it on all their programmes and admission tickets; and efficient M. C.'s should attend at the performances, to take care that the rule be strictly carried out. Anybody wilfully demanding an encore, or aiding and abetting any swindler who might do so, should be taken up and sentenced to attend the House of Commons every evening for a week, to cure him of his wish to hear the same things over twice. If this tremendous punishment were vigorously enforced, we think that the Encore Nuisance would speedily be checked; and Mr. Punch and other sensible and rightly thinking persons might find it possible to go to concert-rooms in peace, without their having nightly to do battle with the fools who clamor for encores.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1858.

### A Private Concert.

A good thing is not the less a good thing because it is done in a corner, nor is its influence naught. Indeed it is but manly, it is but Christian to believe that real influence for good in the long run is more proportioned to the quality, than to the publicity of any act; that the high purpose and true spirit are worth more than the great display; that the true thing on a small scale is better than the questionable and vulgar thing on the grandest; that a grain of gold outweighs a lump of copper. Such faith as this—for truly it requires *Faith*—is indispensable to the artist. There can be no real progress in musical or other Art without it. One must still have faith,

patience to measure his success by the intrinsic excellence, the truthfulness of his performance, and not by the outward recognition of the world. The best things, those that have won fame worth having for their authors, were never done from the immediate motive of display, and would have miscarried and become superficial, false, and empty things, had they been dragged at once before a general audience. The artist, the public benefactor in Art, is he whose works, whose life still preach, for those who can receive, the highest and the truest, the ideal beauty, and who does not care to keep himself before the public. The popularizers, the great caterers for public amusements more or less artistic, the concert-giving speculators, and so forth, doubtless do good in their way; but the tendency of all this grand display would be to drag Art down, to bring all to the level of the lowest tastes and idlest listeners, were it not counteracted quietly by those who labor in more private spheres to make the highest music loved for its own sake.

In music it is eminently true, that one hears the best in private circles. It is almost impossible that a great concert should be thoroughly pervaded by an artistic tone; the gold it gives you always must have some alloy; the programme must be made up, like a newspaper, for too many and too multifarious tastes; you are inspired by listening to a noble piece, and then are rudely disenchanted by something that is vulgar; or, if the music be all of the best, there will be something to disturb you in the audience, something unmusical in the mere glare and glitter and distractions of the "well-filled, fashionable house." Good things are possible in private, which could not otherwise be realized at all. And it is to be counted among the best signs of musical improvement in our community, that, whether the opera and concert managers drive a thrifty trade or not, there is much excellent music organized in private circles. We have frequently alluded to the Quartet and Quintet parties, by the Mendelssohn Quintet and other Clubs, in private houses, where audiences of thirty, fifty, it may be a hundred, all true listeners,—if not sympathetic, yet at least respectful,—come into closer contact with the inspirations of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, &c., than is often possible in concert rooms.

But we have been led into this train of remarks especially at this time by the occurrence of another of the private concerts (the fourth this season) of that fine amateur club of singers, who have for several winters been engaged in the practice of some of the choicest and least known choral compositions, with solos, by Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, &c., under the severely careful and instructive training of perhaps the most competent musician in the country for that work, Mr. OTTO DRESEL. This gentleman devotes himself heart and

soul, like a self-sacrificing artist, to the rendering of this one thing perfect in its way, (not that it is all he does, by any means), and his efforts are rewarded by the remarkable degree of unity, precision, delicacy and expression of the singing of this choir of twenty-five or thirty voices, and by the eagerness with which every opportunity to witness it is seized upon. Of course delighted listeners have wished that many more, that all the world in fact might hear it too, and get a new idea of what is truly excellent in music. But this in the nature of the case was impossible. The concert referred to, however, was almost an exception. It was a subscription concert given by the Club in compliment to Mr. Dresel, and the Chickering saloon was overflowing. The programme, of the same general character as those of former evenings when the club have invited their friends, was very rich and rare; to-wit:—

#### PART I.

1. Crucifixus from the Grand Mass by J. S. Bach.
2. Oratorio of Christus, Mendelssohn.  
Recitative: Trio for male voices—"Say, where is he born, the King of Judea, for we have seen his star and are come to adore him."  
Chorus: "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces Princes and Nations," and *Chorale*.  
Recitative: Chorus—"This man have we found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Caesar."  
Recitative: Chorus—"He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."  
Recitative: Chorus—"Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."  
Recitative: Chorus—"Crucify him."  
Recitative: Chorus—"We have a sacred Law; guilty by that Law let him suffer."  
Recitative: Chorus—"Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."  
3. Ave Verum. Mozart.
4. Chorus: "Come let us sing,"—"For the Lord is a mighty God,"—from 95th Psalm, Mendelssohn.
5. Morning Song, Robert Franz.

#### PART II.

6. Hymn (from Psalm 55.) for Soprano Solo and Chorus, Andante: "Hear my prayer," Mendelssohn.  
Allegro: "The enemy cries!"  
Finale: "O for the wings of a dove!"  
7. Duet and Trio for Treble Voices, with Chorus, from Mendelssohn.  
"Athalie."  
8. Two Choruses from "Armida," Gluck.  
"Songs of love in the grove sing the nightingale,"  
"Great is the glory when laurels we gather."  
9. Volkslied and Hunting Song, Mendelssohn.

That *Crucifixus*, from the great Mass by Bach, was the most tenderly, profoundly solemn music that we ever heard. The whole audience seemed breathless for some moments after the sounds had ceased. The voices rose and swelled and died away together, beautifully blended, in the successive waves of rich and mournful harmony. But we could not describe or analyze; music had done its perfect work; such strains are simply *felt*. This brief taste much increased the desire we have long felt to hear the Mass in B minor complete. The fragments left by Mendelssohn of his unfinished "Christus" were sung by the same choir, in the same place, a year or two ago. We thought then, and still think, that this third Oratorio, judging from the fragments, would have been the greatest of the three. At all events we have had nothing in this kind of music so intensely, thrillingly dramatic (leaving Bach's "Passion" music out of the account). The first fragment, consisting of the Trio of male voices (the three Magi), and chorus, is full of religious hope and wonder. The sympathetic, human tone of the narrative recitatives, by a tenor voice,

contrasted against the angry bits of choral responses: "Crucify, crucify," &c., and "We have a sacred law," &c., seemed almost too painfully tragic. But the mournful chorus: "Daughters of Zion, weep," &c., one of the most beautiful that Mendelssohn has written, commencing with soprani and alti alone, is like the sweet relief of tears. The rendering of the whole was faithful and effective, and greatly helped out by the conductor's piano-forte accompaniment.

Mozart's *Ave verum corpus* is a model of pure, simple, flowing, perfectly blended religious harmony, in which no one voice or part stands out before another; and we never heard a purer specimen of choir singing,—all so true and smooth and balanced, and as it were instinctively regardful of all points of light and shade. We print the music in this number, and commend it to the study of all choirs.

"Come, let us sing," by Mendelssohn, is a bright and quickening chorus, fully rendering the spirit of the words, whose cheerful call sounds out from one set of voices after another, till the harmony is complete. The "Morning Song," by Franz, is one of the six "Songs for Mixed Voices," to which we alluded a few weeks since as having been republished by Messrs. Ditson & Co. They should be known in every circle of part-singers, or "Glee Clubs."

"Hear my prayer" (soprano with chorus) will be recognized as the beautiful piece of music which we have been printing for the benefit of our subscribers, and which is concluded in this number. We only wish that all the musical societies and choirs, who take it up, could have heard it so admirably rendered as it was that evening. There was a soprano of a sweet, pure, sympathetic quality, for which the solo ("O for the wings of a dove!" &c.), might seem almost to have been written; the first choral responses (in unison) were prompt and decided; and the *pianissimo* of the choral accompaniment to the melody, growing softer and softer at the close, gave just the right idea of how it should be sung. The pieces from "Athalia," (music to Racine's tragedy), are of much the same character, a duet of soprani, and then a trio of soprani and alto, each with chorus; sung by voices admirably suited to the music. How refreshing (in these days of overstrained and morbid pathos, of Verdi and the like) were those spontaneous, natural, simple, yet inimitable strains from Gluck, with their quaint, antique accompaniment—the first a warbling of whole forests full of birds, the last a swelling, joyous song of victory! The two little part-songs, by Mendelssohn, the first grave, the other wild and full of life, one of his most imaginative and striking, were finely sung, of course without accompaniment.

Now we have not alluded to this interesting Concert to excite the envy of those who had

not the good fortune to be present. We simply point to it as an example, worthy to be imitated if not emulated; an example of what good things may be done by little social clubs of earnest music-lovers, who have voices, and some skill in reading music, by meeting in this way for practice of such sterling kinds of music, calling to their aid the most high-toned and competent professor they can find for teacher and conductor, and—for this is the condition absolute of all success—trusting him to the extent of letting him be perfect "autocrat" in the whole matter. Such circles will find good material for practice in the compositions we are publishing from week to week in this Journal. Let every member of a Club subscribe, and each will have a copy of a goodly number of such pieces in the course of the year.

#### From My Diary. No. 4.

April 27. — The Boston Quintet Club gave a concert at Framingham, last evening, which however, to my disappointment, I could not attend. The programme was excellent, made up from Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, &c. A Verdi trio was omitted and something else given instead. Two acquaintances who attended, speak in highest terms of the concert, and report that the audience, though small, was greatly interested in the music, and evidently appreciative and discriminating. One of my friends remarked "that the men played as if they loved their music!"

In looking back through the years during which the said Club has wrought in this field of chamber music, and comparing the state of things then and now, one sees that progress has been made. At first a small and rather variable audience gave the club its support in Boston. Now Chickering's room fills at their regular performances, and the club is called into many of the other cities and larger towns about. Wherever they go, they leave an abiding impression upon some minds that there is something in music above and beyond a mere tune or melody; they enlarge the ideas of those who hear them, and plant seed which will in time produce fruit. The musical public certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the men, who have with so much perseverance, labored on, often at sacrifice and under discouragement, devoting themselves to a conscientious study and performance of works often of great difficulty, when others would have met the wishes of an audience as well. In looking over the "annals" of the club one is surprised at the great variety and the almost invariably high character of their programmes; and it is only by such a review that one can form any adequate conception of the amount of laborious study which must have been devoted to this music, by men who at the same time had regular duties to perform as members of orchestras and as teachers.

Has the pecuniary reward been at all in proportion to the labor? Doubtful. The conviction forces itself upon the mind of any one who will look back, that nothing but a true love of Art—a really artistic spirit—could have kept this club so long together, and made it really one of our musical "institutions."

The announcement is a painful one, that he who has so long been at the head of the Quintette, and whose energy and perseverance must have been powerful elements in its success, leaves us for a residence where the position of the practical musician is other and better than here. But what has the musician here to look forward to? In other countries, where aid is not considered beneath the dignity of Government, and city authorities consider it their duty to use some of the funds, which, in America, are appropriated to fireworks, or the pockets of infa-

mous officials, for the support of good music, whoever can by his talents gain admittance into the orchestra, is sure of receiving an annual stipend and of having something secure, when his active days are over. Thus Leipzig, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Mayence and other cities, not one of which has a hundred thousand inhabitants, each has its fine orchestra, its club for chamber music, its city music director, and guards all against want, without compelling them to overtask their brains, and when superannuated sending them to the almshouse. But here no such provision is made either by the public or by any private foundation; it is no cause of surprise then that the overtasked artist should gladly accept an offer of a position, which at the same time insures him a less laborious life and a more certain future. Wherever AUGUST FRIES goes, God speed him! There are many who will miss his form and face at the Orchestral and Quintette Concerts.

**MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.**—The beautiful Hymn: "Hear my Prayer," by Mendelssohn, which has occupied the last four numbers of the Journal, ends to-day, two pages short of our music printer's first calculation. We find ourselves therefore obliged to fill the two remaining pages at short notice. Fortunately, our publishers' rich stock of plates affords us just the very piece we want, of just two pages, that *Ave verum*, by Mozart, above referred to in the notice of a private concert. It is a leaf from Mr. Werner's capital collection of Masses and shorter pieces for the choirs of Catholic Churches, called "The Memorare," and is a specimen of many good things that may be found there, useful not for Catholics alone. We do not, to be sure, like the cross-grained look occasioned by the shape of the page; but the leaf is easily severed from its mate, so that the Mendelssohn Hymn can be stitched together by itself, or kept to be bound up hereafter with other pieces of like character which we shall publish. The loose leaf containing the entire *Ave verum corpus*, will serve clubs and choirs for practice, and (better still) perhaps induce them to seek more such treasures in the "Memorare."

Reilstab, the German critic, tells us that this *Ave verum* was composed during Mozart's stay in Potsdam and Berlin, in 1789, and gives the following interesting particulars about its origin:

"Mozart was invited to dine with the father of our present oldest and most worthy piano-forte teacher, Türschmid, also known as the excellent hornist of the royal orchestra. The conversation turned upon church music, and its use in sustaining the services of the church, and Mozart spoke with great animation for its employment in the manner of the Catholic Church. He suddenly sprang up, called for music paper, and seated himself at a table to write; the conversation at once ceased, in order not to disturb him, but he called out good-naturedly in his Austrian dialect: "Talk away, that don't disturb me, only no one must sing or utter even a single tone." And so in the midst of the conversation, he wrote in an incredible short time that wonderful piece of music, which he handed to the company with the words: "There you have something that will suit your church!"

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

This is May Day! May it be a bright one. At all events it will be bright enough in the Music Hall; trust the Warren Street Chapel folks for that, who there hold festival, with flowers and dances, with music in the form of reed band, brass band, and orchestra by the newly re-organized Germania Band. . . . Our School Committee have under consideration an order establishing an annual musical festival of the elder children of the public schools. This measure, if carried out in the spirit which we know to be intended, will do much to lend unity of method and true value to what is called the musical department in our common school education. We shall have more to say of it in due time. . . . The Mozart Society, in Worcester, Mass., gave this week a "ten cent concert" in Mechanics' Hall.



We ask attention to the announcement of the music store of our neighbors, Messrs. RUSSELL & FULLER, the successors of the well known firm of Russell & Richardson. Mr. Nathan Richardson has been compelled by poor health to withdraw from the business, and is now in Smyrna. His interest has been purchased by Messrs. Russell & Fuller, who have abundant capital and knowledge of the business, and whose stock in trade includes that of Geo. P. Reed & Co., and of Richardson's "Exchange," with the additions of the late firm. We congratulate our friends on this arrangement, which places on a solid basis one of the most complete and tasteful music depots in the country. Their publications are very numerous, and generally models of good style. The store itself is an attractive place, truly a musical "Exchange," where artists and music-lovers will meet with every courteous attention, and doubtless find whatever they may want.

The New York Philharmonic Society gave its last Concert for the season on Saturday evening, when were performed Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and an overture by Schumann. Miss ANNIE MILNER was the vocalist, and Mr. COOPER played a Concerto by Spohr. . . . The Misses HERON, of Philadelphia, have joined an Italian Opera troupe, of which Sig. Morelli is the impresario, and which is to give performances in Caracas, Rio Janeiro, and other parts of South America. Miss AGNES HERON is the soprano; Miss FANNY HERON, the contralto; Sig. GIANNONI, the tenor; MORELLI, the baritone; and Rocco, the basso. . . . SALVI, the tenor, has become stage manager at Madrid.

The "musical man" of the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* wields a witty pen; witness the following very graphic hit-off of Manager Ullman's style of advertisements:

Suppose that Mr. Ullman is producing "William Tell." The "Amusements" column of this journal is entirely taken up with the announcement of the "colossal" event. Mr. Ullman assumes all sorts of attitudes towards the public. He prostrates himself before them. Tears are in his eyes, his lip quivers, and his whole frame is convulsed with sobs, as he refers to the pure and splendid character he has sustained in past time and asks to be informed whether he has done anything not to deserve their endorsement of his "William Tell" on this occasion.

He woos most tenderly. He represents himself to be devoured by respect and love for this discriminating Philadelphia public, and seductively presses his claims to a place in its affections. He pictures "William Tell." He paints, in sparkling and gorgeous hues, the music and action, and the apparel of the stage. He dwells upon Ronconi. He swells with pride as he points to the magnificent European fame of Ronconi's William Tell. He hints at the probable slovenliness and disrespect with which any other manager but Ullman would have produced Rossini's master-piece. He enumerates the gentlemen of the orchestra, the chorists, the costumers, the carpenters.

He makes his "William Tell" a matter of conscience and duty with the community. With a sublime burst of eloquence he closes his appeal, not, however, before he has depicted, in graphic and agitating terms, the perils of not procuring seats early, and laid down a strict code of laws for cabmen, policemen, and the city authorities generally.

Here is a chance for American composers; they do not shrink from any thing; suppose they carry the war now into the enemy's own country,—compete with Italy on her own ground. We have a circular from the *Imperiale e Reale Accademia delle belle Arti* of Florence, offering prizes for the best production on a given subject in each of the Fine Arts: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Design, Engraving, and finally in Music. The subject for the latter is "the Canticle of Zacharia: *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, for four voices, with full orchestral accompaniment. The style must be ecclesiastical, in the Sixth Tone, with responses in the different vocal or instrumental parts; it must close with a Fugue with two subjects on *Gloria Patri*, &c. The works must be sent in by the 15th of August.

According to the New York *Times*, "The poor fiddlers had a hard time of it on Saturday—almost twelve hours of constant sawing. At ten o'clock in the morning the final rehearsal of the Philharmonic society; and at three o'clock the Musard Matinée; at eight the concert of the Philharmonic Society. What an opportunity for the purveyor of lager beer," &c. Of the two Berlioz nights the same writer says: "Berlioz's Classical pieces were listened to attentively by five or six august audiences, and it was perhaps owing to the intensity of their veneration that they failed to applaud."

On Tuesday evening the American singer, Miss JULIANA MAY, was added to the attractions of the thirteenth Musard Concert. THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS' engagement at the same will "positively close" this week. On Tuesday was a "Grand Beethoven night," when were performed the Fifth Symphony; the overtures *Namensfeier* and "King Stephen" (both wholly new in this country, with the exception that the last was once performed in Boston); the violin Concerto (by Vieuxtemps), and the Allegro of the E flat Concerto for piano (Thalberg); followed by promenading and Musard-ing. Under the auspices of the same great Ullman-Musard institution, too, the first Sacred Concert has been given, including Mozart's "Requiem," a Symphony, and smaller selections. Thursday evening was the first night of the Oratorio "Elijah," with FORMES, CARADORI, &c., and the N. Y. Harmonic Society. Meanwhile "in active preparation, the Washington Quadrilles, by 500 performers (!) and the Electric Telegraph Quadrilles:" in short a great deal of every thing.

The *Athenæum* mentions the death of the sister of Mrs. HEMANS, Mrs. OWEN, who set to music (as Miss BROWN) many of the lyrics of the poetess. She was an accomplished woman and possessed a good deal of musical talent. . . . The *Courier-Franco-Italien* states the astounding fact (which goes ringing through the newspapers in every land), that ROSSINI has just written a new melody, or *Notturmo*, for the violoncello, which he has presented to M. Servais, the famous solo-player. . . . The New York *Courier and Enquirer* (whose literary and Art criticisms are always well considered), in noticing with just praise the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "If any one can point out in a similar English publication of the present day papers equal to those on Intellectual Character, and Beethoven's Childhood and Youth, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table's discursive dissertation on Old Age, we should be glad to avail ourselves of his superior knowledge." By the way, the writer on Beethoven desires us to point out some typographical errors, which crept in, owing to his absence: In what is said of B.'s teacher, Pfeiffer, "chorist" should be Oboist; and the chivalrous "ballad," which he is said to have composed, should be ballet.

The *Athenæum* speaks of a couple of new operas founded upon English novels:

"Scott's 'Quentin Durward,' done into an opera book by MM. Cormon and Carré,—this set to music by M. Gavaert,—has been just produced at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris with elaborate splendor; and with the advantage of such a consummate actor as M. Couderc in the principal character. But, so far as we can trust the *Gazette Musicale*, the drama is found too serious, and (which we can believe, recollecting former compositions by M. Gevaert) the music is "brought in guilty" of heaviness and want of style. We have never augured a better issue for an opera founded on a subject which, however romantic it be, is also grim in the quality of its principal figure. There is no making a *prima donna* out of a Mary Tudor,—no fitting a *Louis Onze* with music by any one less subtle than M. Meyerbeer. What shall we not see next set as an opera? 'Clarissa Harlowe,' we perceive, has been taken in hand for the Vienna Italian season by M. Perelli."

A circular has been sent round in London indicating some of the objects of a proposed new musical Society. It is therein proposed that the Society shall give during each year:

"1. Grand Orchestral Concerts of the highest class. 2. Chamber Concerts, Instrumental and Vocal, including Quartetts, Glees, Madrigals, &c. 3. Illustrated Lectures on subjects relating to the History and Art of Music. 4. We all propose to publish a Periodical, which shall contain Literary matter—Historical, Biographical, and Critical—in connexion with Music. 5. To hold *Conversazioni* of the Members, at which Papers on Musical subjects shall be read. 6. To have Trials of New Compositions, and to give Commissions to Composers."

"M. d'Ortigue's *feuilleton* on 'Don Bruschino,' (says the *Athenæum*) gives us a new reading of Signor Rossini's indolence, worth adding to the treasury of odd stories and smart sayings to which the composer's life and works have given occasion. The fatal facility of Donizetti is well known,—and such an anecdote being in circulation (for those who believe it) as his having put on paper his best act,—the fourth act of 'La Favorita,'—in a single night. It may have been on this occasion,—at all events, it was in the case of his bringing some prodigious quantity of unexpected music to rehearsal at a few hours' notice,—that some one complimented the fluent *mezzo* on the feat, and asked whether it was true that Signor Rossini had written 'Il Barbiere' in fourteen days. 'Thereabouts,' was Donizetti's reply, 'for you know he is so lazy.'"

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27.—"William Tell" drew three very fine audiences last week, and while all true connoisseurs recognized in its noble choruses, its admirably wrought concerted pieces, and the more than ordinarily elaborated orchestration, the grandest of our Italian Operas, Miss Flora McFlimsey and her white-kidde cavalier attendant vowed the *chef d'œuvre* of Rossini a "perfect drag," and sighed for the *Gran Dio* of Verdi.

Hereupon, the anxious *impresario* offered, for last night, the following immense combination:

1. The 4th act of *Traviata*, with GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, and our own (your own—pardon me!) ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who, by the way, rapidly improves.
2. The 2nd act of *Puritani*, with LA GRANGE, RONCONI, and GASPARDONI.
3. The 3d act of *Traviata*, with GAZZANIGA, AMODIO, and BRIGNOLI.
4. The 3d act of *Maria di Rohan*, with LA GRANGE, RONCONI, and BOTTARDI.

Certes, this was an immense propitiation to Miss Flora for the *faux pas* of having served up "Tell" three times for supper last week; and it filled the Opera House from parquet to dome. Not that alone, but it aroused a wild, *Havana* enthusiasm, during which the adored Gazzaniga especially received an ovation, the like of which was a sensation even to that *blasé* individual, "the oldest inhabitant." La Grange, too, encountered a spontaneous outburst of applause, which clearly evidenced to what an extent her finished style of vocalization is appreciated by all true lovers of music.

The Adonis of the Opera, Brignoli, drew down upon himself two thousand black lenses, for the ladies stare boldly, and sigh sentimentally, whenever he "goes on." As for Amodio, his welcome consisted in a genial round of applause, which meant something akin to the following: "We don't go wild about you, Fat Boy, but we appreciate you withal." Ronconi's Duc de Chevreuse capped the climax to one of the most successful Opera representations ever offered to an American public, and sent the vast audience to their couches to dream of the most magnificent histrionic achievement of the lyric stage. Tomorrow night, (Wednesday,) this matchless doctor is to enjoy a benefit, for which he offers *Linda di Chamounix*, and the second act of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with himself in the fine rôles of Antonio and Dr. Dulcamara; the latter being his first appearance here in a *buffo* character. Thereupon a new season, with the same artists, and additional novelties, is to be announced.

The performance last night numbered the 106th, since the opening of the Academy in February of 1857,—an average of two operas per week for the year. The *N. Y. Tribune* has noticed this fact in a most complimentary manner.

The Musical Fund Hall was the scene, last Tuesday evening, of a complimentary Concert, tendered to PHILIP ROHR, Editor of the "*Deutsche Musikalische Zeitung*," and leader of the "Musical Union." He was assisted by MESSRS. FRAZER, THUNDER, RUDOLPHSEN, TAYLOR, MRS. SHEPPARD, Miss FAAS, and others, who perseveringly struggled through a lengthy programme, despite a merciless storm, and an unremunerating audience.

SATTEr is coming. At least there are an immense number of dull-red posters, gracing the brick walls and fences of the city, which bear in black letters, of considerable dimensions, the name of "Gustav Satter," and which are unquestionably the *avant couriers* of the pianist, whom some of his admirers beseech us to consider equal to Liszt; and as far superior to Thalberg as "Tell" is to "Traviata." *Nous verrons!* MANRICO.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19.—Our concerts seem to rise in quality as they decrease in number. MASON's last Matinée, on Saturday, was an entertainment such as we rarely hear anywhere. The five names on the programme were taken from among the highest in Tone-Art. Beethoven, Handel, and Bach, represented different phases of the old school; Mendelssohn and Schumann its more modern development. The "Music of the Future" was left untouched. And various as was the character of the composers who bore these names, so unlike, too, were their works which were laid before us here. Each was a fair type of its creator. First came Beethoven's Quartet, op. 95, No. 11, generally considered, I believe, one of his less comprehensible ones. It was, however, so well interpreted by the excellence of its performance, that it belied its reputation on this occasion at least. The quick passages were played with a clearness and energy, and the slow, serious ones with a pathos, fullness, and depth of feeling, which made it difficult to believe that the performers were the same who "scratched" off this very piece in a most heart and ear rending manner two years ago. The same may be said, too, of Schumann's beautiful Quintet, in which Mr. Mason's uncommonly spirited and expressive playing was most worthily accompanied by the stringed instruments. The solemn, mournful march was particularly beautiful. The two remaining numbers of the programme were solos by Messrs. MASON and THOMAS. The former gave us a Fugue in E minor, by Handel,—the same, I think, which he played repeatedly just after his return from Europe, but now infinitely superior in its rendering—and a most characteristic *Rondo Capriccioso* by Mendelssohn—sparkling, fairy-like, and then again flowing on in lovely melody—a mixture of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" style and that of the Songs without Words. This was loudly *encored*, in answer to which demonstration the pianist gave us his pretty, rippling little "Silver Spring."

Decidedly the most wonderful performance of the concert was Mr. THOMAS's playing of the celebrated *Chaconne*, by Bach. This young artist (and very young he is, although the stamp of genius matures his almost boyish face) bids fair to rise high in the musical world. His tone is pure and full, his command of his instrument very great, and his interpretation of the music he plays most faithful and artistic. The *Chaconne* is a strange composition, which must be heard often to be thoroughly appreciated; though even in first listening to it, you discover enough to wish to know it better. It is extremely difficult, and must be very fatiguing for the performer. It is intricate, and has no regular forms or themes to assist the memory; and yet young Thomas played the whole unflinchingly, without notes, and consequently with all the more freedom and abandon. His mechanism, too, gave proof of untiring industry in practice; but more than all, his evident enjoyment of what he was

playing, and his thorough entering into the spirit of the music, showed the true artist in him. His choice of pieces also betokens real Art-love and reverence: he never plays any but good music. Such men are and ought to be the Missionaries of Art in this country. Few of them visit it; but in proportion as their numbers increase, and they keep steadily on their path, without letting necessity, or flattery, or thirst for fame turn them from it, their own true creed will spread and gain influence. Will the day ever come when Humburg succumbs to true Art in our land! This was once a hopeless question, but of late years a faint light has begun to appear. True, it breaks but slowly, very slowly, and the rays of the rising sun are still dimmed and thickened by the clouds which they shall finally disperse; but there is at least hope of fair weather. Of these sun-rays Mason's concerts are among the most effective; and we owe him and his fellow-laborers a vast debt of gratitude for their winter's work. Every one of these quiet, unpretending concerts has brought us something new, and nothing but what was good; and though at first the little hall was but scantily filled, the end of the series found it so crowded that a large room will be needed in its place next winter, when we hope that the ground now broken, will be farther tilled.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 27.—Your compositor takes it upon himself to make nonsense out of one part of my last letter. For "time and money," it was printed "*tissue and money*."

Having made a good beginning by establishing a good and efficient "Philharmonic Society" in this "city of churches," we now propose to follow on with a "Harmonic Society," which is already organized and in working order. It is made up out of two small societies, one of which is the "Harmonic Society," a small vocal body, organized some two years ago, but which has never made much progress; and the other, a small band of twenty instrumental performers under Mr. CARL PROX. These two, united in one, under Mr. Prox as conductor, and styled the "Brooklyn Harmonic Society," propose to give two Concerts during the month of May, and the following are among the things to be performed:

Symphony in C, No. 1, . . . . . Beethoven.  
Overture "Magic Flute," . . . . . Mozart.  
Terzetto from "Titus," . . . . . Mozart.  
Easter Morning, . . . . . Chevalier Neukomm.  
Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.

In addition to the regular Orchestra belonging to the Society, some dozen instruments or more will be added from New York for these Concerts, and by the beginning of the next winter's season we shall have all we want as regular members of the Society.

LUTHER B. WYMAN, Esq., the President of the "Philharmonic," was unanimously elected President of this new society, and of course no better selection could have been made. Mr. Wyman is to Brooklyn in musical matters what your lamented CHICKERING was to Boston.

I regret exceedingly to learn that there is a feeling of jealousy on the part of the New York Philharmonic Society towards our Brooklyn Philharmonic, and a Resolution, I am told, is already pending before that Society to prevent the conductor or members of the N. Y. Society from taking any part in a similar Society out of New York. I do not believe such a resolution can pass, but if it does, depend upon it the New York Society will be the one most to suffer by it.

For the benefit of those who have taken any interest in the Brooklyn Congregational Singing discussion, I cut the following from Mason's *Musical Review and Gazette*: "At the Plymouth Church (Beecher's) we find congregational singing prevailing with an effect beyond the power of description."

BELLINI.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Fly away o'er the Deep. Quartet and Solo. Thompson. 25  
This Quartet has a very fine effect when sung by well blended voices. It is followed by a plaintive Solo for Soprano or Tenor voice, after which the Quartet is repeated.
- You need na come courting o' me. Wrighton. 25  
In happy imitation of the peculiar style of Scotland's little national songs.
- My Father's a Drunkard. Song. E. F. C. 25  
Describing the evils of intemperance.
- The two Rivers. German and English words. Franz Keiser. 25  
A well-sustained, pathetic melody.
- Rouse, Brothers, Rouse. Russell. 25  
Stirring music to a poem, by Charles Mackay.
- The Reason Why. Macfarren. 25  
Playful and pretty. A Song for the parlor.
- Tell me, ye Winged Winds. Song with invisible Chorus. Thompson. 30  
This well-known poem has received a very effective musical treatment at the hands of this favorite Song writer.
- Under a Hedge. Song. T. German Reed. 25  
For friends of the beauties of nature, and particularly the lovers of flowers.

#### Instrumental Music for Piano.

- The Dripping Well. Characteristic piece. Gollmick. 30  
This piece, when neatly played, with a light, crisp touch, sounds quite charming. You see the little sparkling drops trickle down, now slow, and now faster, as if following some little caprice of their own.
- Polka, Mazurka Brillante. F. Abt. 40  
It is very seldom that this Composer, whose proper calling seems to be the Field of Song, writes for the Piano. If he does, however, his cleverness and polished taste do not show to less advantage. This Polka Mazurka is fresh and sparkling, and should be a welcome addition to a Lady's Music Portfolio.
- Auld Lang Syne. Varied. Charles Grobe. 50  
A very fine arrangement and variations, showing forth this familiar melody in all its simple beauty.
- Lucknow Quadrille, founded on popular Scotch airs. T. Comer. 30  
It will be unnecessary to commend this Quadrille to any one who has seen the performance of "Jessie's Dream on the Fall of Lucknow." To others we will remark that Mr. Comer has collated the Gems of Caledonia and wrought them into a graceful Ballet, for the benefit of all lovers of dance music.
- Avonia Waltz. J. W. Turner. 25
- Speedwell March. A. B. 10
- Fair Star Waltz. D'Albert. 15
- Rockriver Waltz. D. N. Hood. 25  
Dance Music, well adapted for its purpose.
- Le Jeune Artiste. F. Beyer, each 50  
This is a collection of very brilliant Fantasias, composed expressly for far advanced pupils, whose hands cannot yet reach an Octave. Three numbers issued, viz.: No. 1 on "Lucia," No. 2 on a Favorite Tyrolean air, and No. 3 on a Melody in Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." These are the only compositions of this kind extant. Teachers, therefore, will do well to keep them in mind.
- The Fall of Delhi. Characteristic March. Glover. 25  
Pretty March, with bits of Indian melody.
- Vaillance. Polka militaire. Varied. Charles Grobe. 50  
The beauty of this much admired Polka is but enhanced by this arrangement.

#### Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five, and six instruments. By B. A. Burditt. Price, \$1.25  
A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The Melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what was wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.



